

Remove The Gag

III Bill

Respect is something that's hard to earn damn it
I create this effortless
Take it back like Kirk Hammett when he played for Exodus
Get mines, motherfuck you and your fake pretentiousness
Spit rhymes plus I'll punch you in your face for emphasis
Clips fly, spit shrapnel, big bangers and det mines
Militant tribal cliffhangers risking their lives
Visitors arrive, extraterrestrial villainous tribes
Exit starships dripping in a glistening slime
My dungeon master levels are high, it's a rigorous climb
Raised on Canarsie block, stuck in this system of crime
We all goons be the first to put the fist in your eye
A loyal dude, be the one to say the pistol is mine
I used to put PCP in the spliff and get high
Let's fly like Michael Jordan 1985
That's the ILL Bill mind frame, mind state, I'm great
Take it back like The Future is Now on live tape

Yeah, this was bound to happen
I found your favourite rapper whack
So I found him and then bound and gagged him
Asked him who the best rapper is
Removed the gag, said it's ILL Bill
And the best producer is Kaz

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Triumphant, worn by the sounds of trumpets
My crew abundant, surrounds the villa ground's circumference
The crowd I run with hit you with a thousand punches
Piles and bunches, you can't avoid it crouch and lunging
You're found when running, bloodhounds is hunting
Hundreds and hundreds of hints that head to the house you hung in
My power'll punish, you cowards succumb in less than an hour
And you can't control your bowels' functions
You all earn your own right in the booth
Solo you whack so just spend your life in a group
You shouldn't write to the loops and make the loop
From the rope, put your head through it
On your throat and tighten the noose
My mic is a license to shoot, snipe you from the height of the roof
Precise, could hit a pigeon in flight from the coop
My motorcycle bikers in route, disrupt the neighbourhood with tattoos
Leather jackets and spikes on their boots, you didn't know?

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Asked him who the best rapper is
Removed the gag, said it's Wordsworth
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Yeah, buckle up, I'm a turbulent rapper
Rap married me, performed my own sermon in the chapel
Yeah, I'm certain that you rapping soft is the result of many factors
You lack afterthought, get your face caught on a cactus (Ouch!)
You ought to be an actress, you're bad practice
I'll backslap you in the face until you rap backwards
I spit classic verses, the cuts that are mine will damage you
Worse than Kanye's mom's plastic surgeon
You'll get a lesson from listening, look what happened
Young rappers turn the beat off and write to my rapping for practice
You lack vision, something is sweet
You'll dream of how I write hooks when I punch you to sleep
Stop me? Shit, I'm Rocky Balboa
I'm like a boa constrictor choking the raps out of your throat like [?]
You know you'll never figure out my hooks are grimy
That's like trying to figure out why poison ivy is so conniving

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So I found him and then bound and gagged him
Asked him who the best rapper is
Removed the gag, said it's Verbal Kent
And the best producer is Kaz

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